

MARVEL
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THE REAL

GHOSTBUSTERS™

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Hee, hee! You'll be tickled to death with issue 66 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic. Yes, for as you can see from this week's cover, cleaning out all your old mess and junk can ruffle your feathers more than you would imagine. Check out the **real dirt** in our text story '**Ghostdusters!**' We also have more mayhem for you when the Ghostbusters see what they can **dig up** in **School Ghouls!** Will they have to **brush up** on their hieroglyphics, I hear you scream? Well, Winston certainly has to brush up on his exercise schedule, when there's something strange jogging in the park in **Fitness Freak!** Then, just to round off the cleaning, Janine has to polish her glasses in **Blinded by Love!**

Keep your eyes peeled, too, for in the next few issues we'll be giving away some more fabulous **FREE GIFTS!** Miss next week's **FREE SLIME SLURP** and you know you'll regret it! So, until then, read and enjoy!

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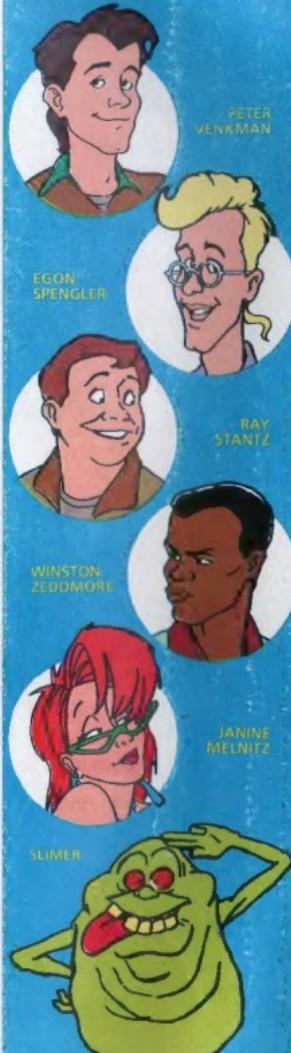
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



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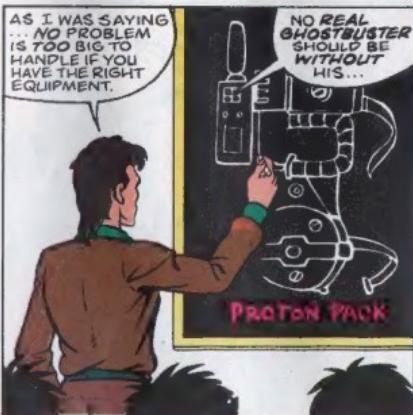
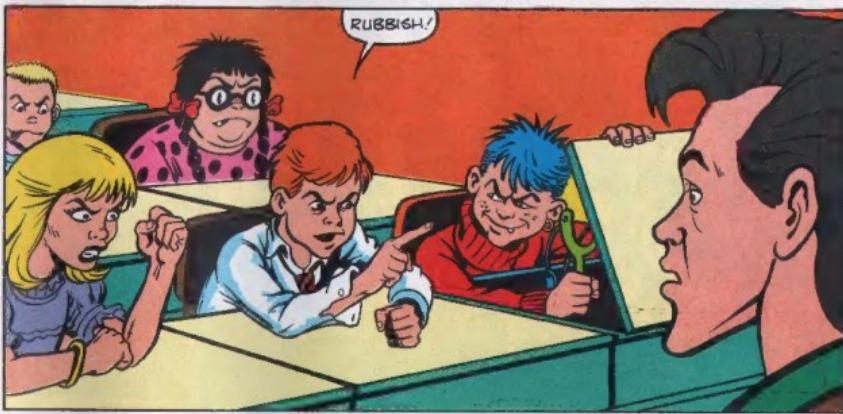
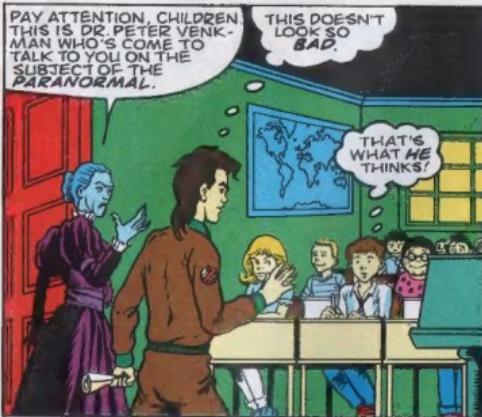
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I GAVE A SERIOUS TALK ON ANYTHING - I'D FORGOTTEN HOW NERVE RACKING IT CAN BE.



WHY DID I AGREE TO GIVE A TALK ON PARANORMAL AT THE TARDY JUNIOR SCHOOL...











SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

The article on Egyptian burial customs in Guide sixty-four certainly caused a lot of interest. I've had a sack full of letters asking me to explain the actual construction of an Egyptian tomb, and the sequence of themystic chambers built within. So here goes: A Spengler Patent Elucidatory Crypt-o-gram:-



Chamber 1): the entrance way, or block chamber, sealed at the time of burial with a single granite slab 9 cubits by 9 cubits. The chamber was inscribed with the patterns of Hortak, the Guardian of Doors. Bortak, the Guardian of Chambers, and Snortak, the Guardian of Granite blocks 9 cubits by 9 cubits.

Chamber 2): the descent well, a spiral shaft lined with chiselled steps leading to the third chamber. There were usually 785 steps. 785 being a sacred number for the Egyptians as it is said when the first of the gods, Blootak, climbed the Hill of the Rising Sun to grasp the Stones of Wisdom, 785 was the number of times he bounced when he slipped on the way down.

PART 66

Chamber 4): 'The Highly Nasty Death by Big Sharp Pointy Stakes in a Pit' Chamber.

Chamber 3): The turning place. This chamber is inscribed with hieroglyphics depicting the Sun God, Hoo-ih, rising from his slumber, ceremonially bathing, shaving and reading the paper on the bus on the way to work. An inscribed ankh cross must be inserted into the correct symbol on the wall to open the vault door into the outer burial chamber beyond. If the incorrect symbol is chosen, a fake vault door opens, admitting the unwary tomb robber into the 'Highly Nasty Death by Big Sharp Pointy Stakes in a Pit' Chamber.

Chamber 6): The real burial chamber. Last resting place and absolutely filled with bundles of cash, golden ocelot figurines and diamond-encrusted thulking straps. Bear in mind that the burial vault will also undoubtedly contain an undead mummy, two or three dozen poltergeist companions and attendants, and one of four Class nine guardian demons called Lomputz, an Egyptian word meaning 'No way, José - let me out of here!'

Chamber 5): The outer burial chamber. This is filled with fake treasure and contains a false sarcophagus and is meant to put off the unsuspecting explorer and lead him away from the real treasure. To find the real treasure, he must locate the mosaic carving, usually on the west wall, depicting Hoo-ih, Doo-ih and Loo-ih, respectively the gods of the Sun, early morning moisture on the lawn, and getting caught short in a public place. The ceremonial ankh cross should be inserted into the carving at the place Loo-ih's leg's cross at the knees, and the true tomb will be revealed.

Curly Wurly World Shatteringly Chewy Mind Bogglingly Curly

An illustration showing Captain Joseph Kittinger in a blue flight suit and helmet, jumping from a red capsule at the top of a long, thin white descent line against a dark background.

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more only long sweet dirt
up inside every Curly Witch

A cartoon illustration of a teacher with a long nose, wearing a graduation cap and a patterned scarf, sitting at a desk covered in papers. He is holding a book and looking at it. The text in the image discusses his teaching career in Switzerland.

A maze of chewy toffee in amazing Cadbury's Milk Chocolate.

GHOSTDUSTERS!



Story DAN ABNETT Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD

Can the Real Ghostbusters make a clean sweep of it? Will another one bite the dust? And just why are they spring-cleaning in the middle of September anyway?

It was quite a ticklish situation, Ray realised. Egon was so very fond of his laboratory specimens, and, indeed, had a nickname for each one of them. But the time was fast approaching when a serious wash and brush-up was needed for the Ghostbusters' lab. Even Slimer had started to complain about the mess in there, so I guess you can tell the Lab was stupendously filthy, grubby, grimy and just plain mucked up.

There were several problem areas:

1). The specimen display stands on the west wall were crusted in an inch-thick layer of fungi mould following the careless storage of a particularly fast-growing Colombian Forest Toadstool. The racks would need to be individually scrubbed, polished and disinfected with bleach.

2). The main work bench was covered in a thick layer of dried slime left over from an ecto-stimulation experiment Egon had carried out three months ago. The bench would need to be peeled, dusted and wiped down with nail varnish remover.

3). The sample cabinet was a jungle of wayward spores and fungi, absolutely choked with mouldy growths. Egon would have to be very brave, and thoroughly clean out the shelves, scraping out and throwing away several old friends including 'Horace', 'Winsey', 'Gloria', 'Natasha' and 'Kevin'.

4). The whole floor was coated with a syrupy gloop that was two parts ectoplasm residue and one part fungal moisture which had already ruined three pairs of Egon's boots. The only thing that would shift it, Ray remarked, was an air strike.

So they set to work. Ray, Winston and a rather reluctant Egon, who kept looking sadly at 'Kevin' and the others and kept

saying things like "No, I'll do that . . . let me throw that away . . . no, hang on . . . okay, I guess we can ditch it . . ."

Winston stood and looked at the specimen racks for a long while saying "Gee, man, I dunno, man, I mean . . ." But Ray really got down to it immediately. He mixed up some strong, scouring disinfectant and started to scrub the floor. The sudsy water spread out across the filthy surface, bubbling and fizzing, and pretty soon, the three Ghostbusters had very wet boots.

Taking off their boots, so that they could dry out, the 'Busters went back to work with a vengeance, wiping, scrubbing, polishing, scraping, scouring and making every corner of the lab sparkle as they banished mould, spores and fungi to the bins.

The day wore on and the Ghostbusters wore out. By the end of the afternoon, with the Lab looking cleaner than it had ever done before, Winston and Ray flopped down onto some lab stools for a breather, Ray idly flicking at the lab counter with his feather duster as Winston wiped his brow with his duster. Egon, however, was still pretty animated. The clean-up had brought to light a large number of samples, books and Petri dishes that Egon hadn't seen for some time due to the fact that they had been buried under the mess for so long.

"Remarkable . . ." murmured Egon. "Ain't that the truth," replied Winston with a tired but, satisfied sigh. "This place has never looked so clean."

"No, I meant that this was remarkable," said Egon. "There's a batch of ectoplasm samples in here that I've never had time to even look at before. I'd quite forgotten about them." He held up a small rack containing several murky

bottles. He started to prise the lid off one. "I wonder what we have here ..." he said.

"Egon, I don't ..." began Ray, but he was unable to finish. The slime in the old tube had had more than enough time to reconstitute its molecules and assume ecto-spectral power of its own. It had gone off, like the yucky, mouldy jam you find in jars at the back of the pantry sometimes. And, in going off, it had developed a life of its own.

With a shriek, the evil-smelling goo shot out of the pot and cycloned around the lab a few dozen times making the three Ghostbusters dive for cover. Gibbering and burping, the goo made for Ray like a swarm of angry bees, and he tried to ward it off with his feather duster. That was when the goo possessed the feather duster, and that was also when things got entirely out of hand.

Peter came in a little later, from a

harrowing all-day bust, and, seeing no one around, followed the bizarre giggling noises up to the lab. He was more than a little surprised when he opened the door.

Ray, Egon and Winston were writhing around on the floor in hysterics, as a huge, feathery monster mercilessly tickled their bare feet.

Peter had had a hard day and was in no mood for silly, ticking nonsense like that. "Ho-ho," he said and blasted the spook into pieces. Goo, feathers and spores exploded across the lab and settled on Ghostbuster and furniture alike.

"Aw, no ..." said Winston looking around him.

"Hey, Winston, I've just saved you from a spook. I thought you'd be tickled pink!" Peter shook his head in a 'I-don't-know' sort of way and turned to leave.

"And another thing," he added. "Couldn't you guys manage to get this place cleaned up just a little bit?"

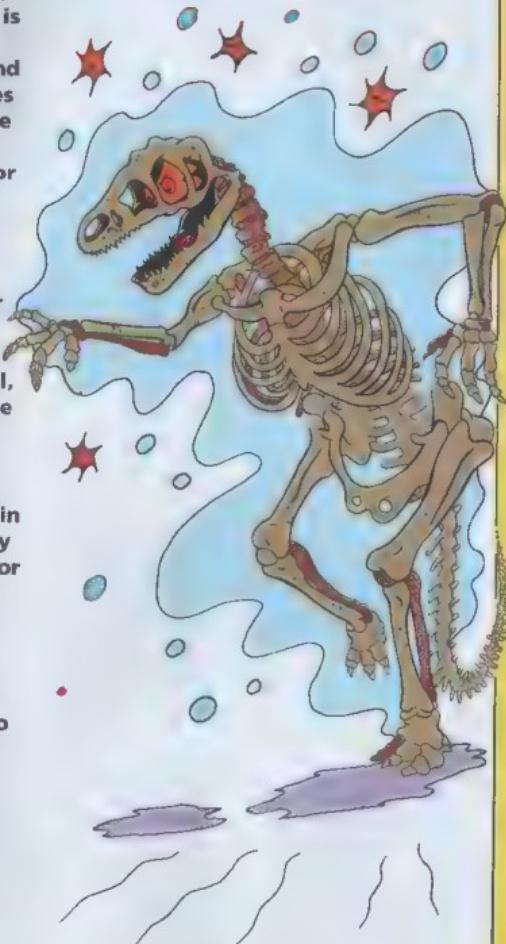


DINO-SPOOKS

Picture this: A little cuddly, furry doggy, named Bonzo, is having a great time in Central Park, sniffing around for bones and digging holes in the ground. Suddenly, he finds a bone. This is no ordinary bone, however, for it once belonged to a dinosaur of the Allosaurus variety! the apparition which now confronts the startled mutt is none other than a Class six Free-Roaming Phantasm.

What would you do? Well, you'd probably do the same as Bonzo and all your hair would turn white.

The enormous skeleton which Bonzo found buried in the ground, was apparently acting as a kind of wedge, or a key to the door between our world and that of the prehistoric age. Unfortunately for the dinosaur and his pals, the Ghostbusters had a bone to pick with them and they were disposed of with Peter's M162 Anti-tank Bazooka.



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



here is perhaps, nothing worse than a joke which goes all too horribly wrong!

One such tale of woe-some hilarity was centred upon a beautiful woman, named Susan, who worked at the fourteenth century inn, the George and Dragon, in West Wycombe. Poor Susan was the victim of a tragic practical joke and her ghostly form has become known as the White Lady.

Being very attractive in appearance, Susan accumulated a great number of admirers. She kept very much to herself, however, in the hope that she would find herself a suitor with more class than the locals could offer.

There was, in fact, one man in particular who stayed at the inn fairly frequently. He was a rather well-groomed young man from the city

and did seem to show a degree of interest in Susan, who did nothing to deter his attentions.

The local menfolk were really none too pleased about this state of affairs and so they planned a strategy, designed to make a fool of Susan.

On the last day of the city gentleman's stay at the inn, three of the local lads penned a note to Susan, pretending that it was from her admirer. In the note were instructions for her to purchase a wedding gown and to meet him at the entrance to some caves which were situated half way up the hill on which the local church was situated. From here, they would then be married and start a new life together.

That evening, Susan left the inn and made her escape, her heart fluttering with excitement!

Upon arriving at the entrance to the caves, she was horrified by the

greeting which she received, for there were the three local lads, laughing at her mercilessly.

Being a woman of substance, Susan repayed the injury by throwing stones at the pranksters. A fearsome contest ensued in which Susan lost her footing and fell heavily, hitting her head on a sharp rock. Alas, the poor woman *had broken her skull!* With terrible pangs of shame, the men carried her back to the inn, where unfortunately, Susan died from her injuries.

Since then, Susan's ghost has been seen frequently and her appearance is usually preceded by a drop in temperature and in the early hours of the morning ... the time of her death! Aaaarrgggh!



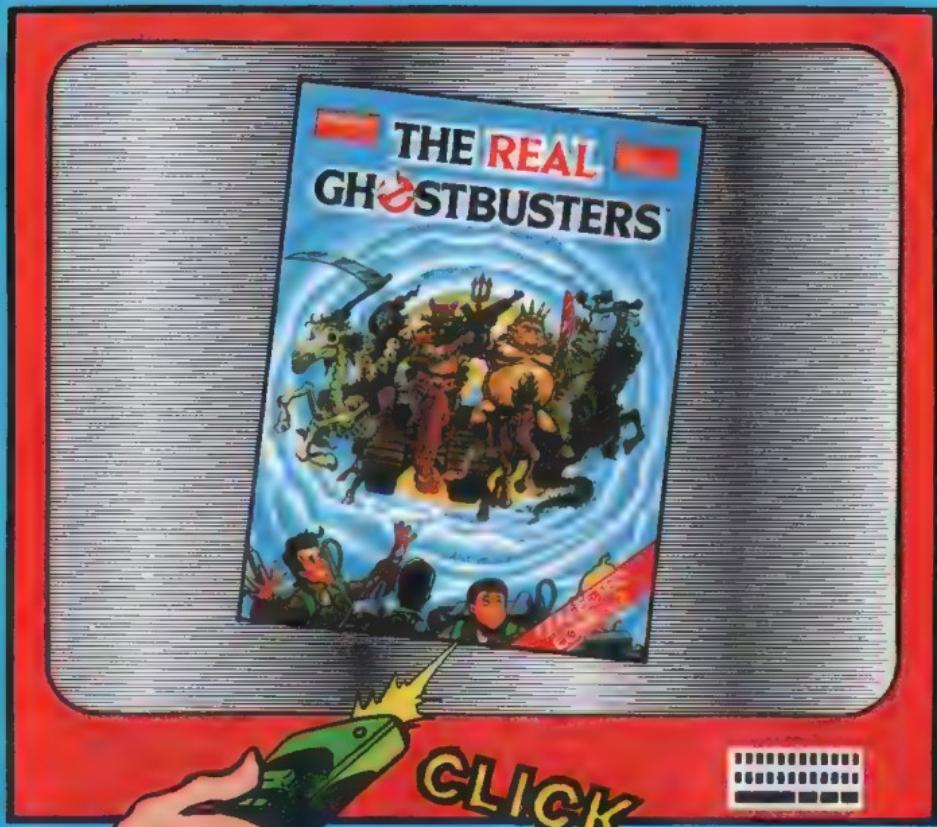
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™







THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



CLICK



**TV SPECIAL
OUT NOW!**



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: SLIME TIME
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



Why didn't Dracula get married?

Because he was a bat-chelor!
– Daniel Sheppard, Essex

What did the mummy ghost say to her child when they got in the car?

"Fatten your sheet-belt!"
– Stuart Furlonger, Dorking

What do you get if you stand under an elephant?

A pat on the head!
– Kay Painter, Shropshire

What is a snake's favourite football team?

Slitherpool!
– Douglas Hoskins, Glasgow

What is the first meal that a monster has after having his false teeth fitted?

The dentist!
– Anon, Kent

Which musical instrument can a skeleton play?

The trombone!
– Douglas Hoskins, Glasgow

GH~~O~~ST WRITING!



Welcome to another frolicsome Ghostbusters' post-bag. Boy, are we going to have some fun! Read on ...

Dear Peter...

In 'Blimey! It's Slimer!' why don't people call The Real Ghostbusters when they have seen Slimer?

— Stuart Maries, Farnborough

Well, I think that most people know Slimer by now and they realize that he is part of our famous team!

How dare you take away 'Slime Time!' from your comic. I enjoyed it the most out of everything and I think it's a disgrace, because I have about six or seven jokes for it.

— Adam Kirk, Chadderton

I'm sorry to hear that you were so upset, Adam, but as you can see, 'Slime Time!' is now back. So send us those yummy jokes and they'd better be good!

1. How big is Egon's lab? 2. How many boxer shorts do you have? 3. How heavy is Slimer? 4. I have a complaint. In 'Snack Attack!' you were wearing boxer shorts with dots on them, but in 'This Ghost is Toast!' you were wearing boxer shorts with hearts on them.
— Philip Dermer, Croydon

1. About the size of a pretty big lab, I'd say. 2. That's a bit of a personal question, but I'm gonna let all my fans into a little personal secret here ... I've got stacks of 'em! I get slimed so often, that I'm forever changing my clothes. 3. Slimer is a vapour, he doesn't weigh anything, which is why he floats. 4. Look, are you complaining about the fact that I do change my underwear, or are you complaining about my 'taste' in underwear? Hmmm?

I have two questions:
1. Why do you have Slimer with you?
2. Why is Slimer mad?
— Joanna Hart, Little Yeldham

1. Slimer is with us for the cause of scientific research. Amazing as it may seem, the little green spud should be able to teach us a good deal about the supernatural, about ghosts and with any luck, he should be able to tell us why it is that some spuds are green. 2. Why is Slimer mad? Why is the sky blue? Why do birds fly? Why does Egon study fungi? Yeah, why does Egon study fungi, that's what I'd like to know?

Slimer is green,
He slimes all day,
And Peter says,
"Urr! Go away."
— Gary Childs, Burgess Hill

Wow! What can I say!

I would be grateful if you could tell me how Egon first set up his laboratory.
— John Larner, Huddersfield

Thanks for the letter, John. Well, being a man of science and immense intellect, our man Egon has been pretty well used to working in various laboratories in universities and such places. He therefore knew what equipment he needed and how it would be best set up from working in other labs.

I think the Ghostbusters are the best and I would like to know if Slimer has to put sun-tan lotion on when he goes sun-bathing on holiday? Also, does he swim in the sea and what shape of sand-castle would he build?
— Oliver Huggett, Crawley Down

No, Slimer doesn't need sun-tan lotion. His skin stays green, glowing and globby whatever the weather conditions. Also, we told him not to go swimming in the sea, on account of other swimmers. They might not enjoy floating in mucus! I think Slimer would probably be more interested in building a food-mountain than a sand castle!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

**BLINDED
by LOVE!**

OUTSIDE GHOST-BUSTERS' HQ...



INSIDE... EGON STILL WON'T TAKE ME OUT... PERHAPS HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND IF HE SEES ME WITHOUT MY GLASSES!



HELLO, EGON... HOW ARE YOU?



YOUR SHOULDERS MUST BE ACHING AFTER WORKING SO HARD... BOY THEY FEEL REALLY TENSE!

HUH?



EGON... WHERE ARE YOU?

I CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES!

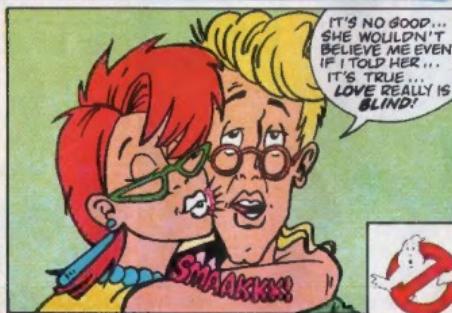
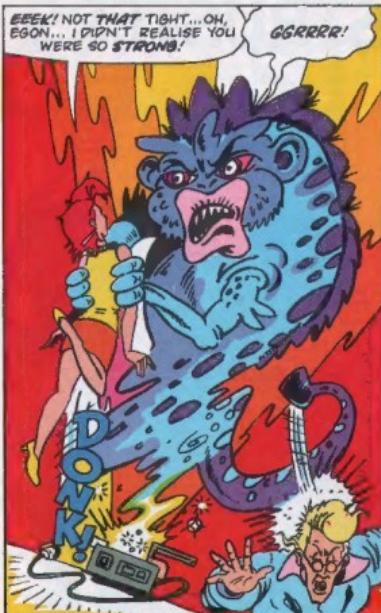
OVER HERE, JANINE... WHY?



COME TO ME, EGON... HOLD ME TIGHT!

LOOK OUT, JANINE... THE TR...





FACE THE MUSIC!



THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

TRANSFORMERS 235 This week we bring you Part Three of **King 'Con**, by Budiansky, Delbo and Bulanadi. There's also Part One of a fabby story called **Deathbringer** by Furman and Senior, and the last part of **Airshow** by Hama and Trimpe. **PLUS** The last part of the thrilling Monstrous Micro-masters Competition!

THE PUNISHER 7 The Punisher is on his way to South America. No, he's not shopping for a great chilli con carne or the best tacos in town. Instead, he's out to smash a cocaine ring that's run by an old opponent from Vietnam. All in a days work when you're down **Bolivia** way! Meanwhile, Ed Marks is taking a ride on an APC, getting a tan, and having the stuffing shot out of him by the VC! It's all in **Dust Off**, Part Two.

THE SLEEZE BROTHERS 3 Join the bungling duo for their third madcap adventure, featuring a cast of thousands! Well, hundreds then. Oh, all right, quite a few. Anyway, in this issue, everyone is after the same thing – a **bug**. Not just any old bug, though. This one is a living, breathing surveillance device, and it is in possession of some incriminating evidence that could involve **President Sinatra** in the political scandal of the decade!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 66 You'll be tickled pink by this issue in which our heroes have a brush-up with a feathery fiend in **Ghostdusters**, by Dan Abnett. Then, as if that wasn't enough, there's more mummified mayhem and bandaged beastliness in **Curse that Pharaoh**, by Carnell, Ilya and Dalton.

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